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who knew the Breton coast in all weathers, shook his head.

"Dangerous work, yachting off Finistère in December," he said. "Mind you're not caught in a change of wind. The barometer is falling."

"Oh, as for that, we'll probably have Peridot in charge, and he was born with a caul; so he'll never be drowned. Even if he's not there, Ingersoll and Yvonne are good sailors, and I'm no fresh-water amateur."

"Well—good luck! I only ask you not to despise the Atlantic."

BEFORE nine o'clock the Hironde, registered No. 415 at Concarneau, was speeding down the seven kilometers of the Aven estuary on a rapid-falling tide. Owing to the force and direction of the wind, it would have been a waste of time to hoist a sail, even in those reaches of the winding river where some use might have been made of it. Tollemache and Peridot (whose real name was Jean Jacques Larraïdou) rigged two long sweeps, and Yvonne took the tiller, keeping the boat in midstream to gain the full benefit of the current. In forty minutes they were abreast of the forlorn hotel at Port Manech, the summer offshoot of the Hotel Julia, and a steel-blue line on the horizon, widening each instant, told of the nearness of the sea. It was an uneven line too, ever and anon broken by a white-capped hillock.

Peridot, pulling his oar inboard, poised himself erect for a few seconds with an arm thrown round the foremast, and gazed steadily seaward. "She'll jump a bit out there," he said; though the fierce whistling of the wind drowned his words. He was aware of that, because he converted both hands into a megaphone when he turned and shouted to Yvonne. "We'll take the inside passage, Ma'm'selle."

Before attempting to hoist the foresail he rummaged in a locker and produced oilskin coats and sou'westers. There was no delay. The four donned them quickly. Yvonne had changed her Breton dress for a short skirt and coat of heather mixture cloth, because coif and collar of fine linen were ill adapted to seagoing in rough weather.

Peridot held up three fingers. The girl nodded. Peridot and Tollemache hauled at the sail, and Yvonne kept the boat in the eye of the wind until three reefs were tied securely. Then the Hironde swung round to her task. She careened almost to the port gunwale under the first furious lash of the gale, and a sheet of spray beat noisily on oilskins and deck. But the stanch little craft stead-

ied herself, and leaped into her best pace.

Ingersoll dived into the cabin, and reappeared with his pipe alight, the bowl held in a closed and gloved hand. Tollemache made play with a cigarette. Peridot clambered aft to relieve Yvonne.

"We'll make Le Pouldu in little more than the hour," he said.

"It's blowing half a gale," said the girl.

"Yes. If the wind doesn't veer, we should have a record trip. But we shouldn't start back a minute after three o'clock."

"Oh, my father will see to that. Moreover, we're due at Mère Pitou's at six."

Peridot showed all his white teeth in a smile. Madeleine would be there! He meant to marry Madeleine. There was no use in asking her to wed until after the Festival of the Gorse Flowers next August, since her heart was set on being Queen. Once that excitement was ended, Heaven willing, Madeleine Demoret would become Madame Larraïdou!

IN taking the rudder the man was not showing any distrust of Yvonne's nerve; but there was just a possibility that a crisis might call for instant decision, when the only warning would come from that sixth sense which coastal fishermen develop in counteracting the sea's fitful moods.

Perhaps once during the hour—perhaps not once in a year—some monstrous wave would roar in from the Atlantic, seeking to devour every small craft in its path. No one can account for these phenomena. They may arise from lunar influence, or from some peculiar action of the tides; but that they occur, and with disastrous results if unheeded, every fisherman from Stornoway to Cadiz will testify. Their size and fury are more marked in a southwesterly gale than at any other time, and the only safe maneuver for a boat sailing across the wind is to bring her sharply head on to the fast-moving ridge, and ride over it. Yvonne knew of these occasional sea dragons, but had never seen one. She knew what to do too, and for an instant was vexed with Peridot. He read her thought.

"I'd trust my own life to you, Ma'm'selle," he said gallantly; "but I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you."

She smiled in spite of her pique. To make her voice heard without screaming, she put her lips close to his ear. "This time, if anybody goes, we all go," she cried.

He shook his head. "No, no, Ma'm'selle. The sea will never get me," he said. "Hold tight here. This is the bar."

To be continued next Sunday

THE MIRACLE

Continued from page 8

horse, and got upon his own. They rode back to Hale, who read in their perturbed faces only the disturbances due to Adela's accident. Crane cantered on ahead rapidly, his mind in an unprofitable and chaotic state which he felt could be relieved only by violent motion. Long before he had put up his horse he had come to a determination. He loved Adela deeply. She might or might not love him deeply, but he would not be false to Hale.

That evening Adela made an opportunity to see him alone. She was imprudent, even reckless, in her expedition, and he told her so.

"Nothing in the world will shake my intention to be fair to Penrhyn and to you," he said. "I have nothing to offer you, and he has. He is my friend, and you are engaged to him."

"Penrhyn won't try to hold me to my word when he finds I love you," she said. "The money is nothing. I'll go to the end of the world with you."

"You'll find you're not free to do that," he answered. "Already I have made arrangements to go to New York to take the place of one of old Mr. Hale's secretaries."

"When my father speaks to you," Adela said, "you will change your mind."

"Your father will hold you to your word to Hale."

"You don't know him."

"Ah, it's you who don't know that his will is fixed on your marriage with Penrhyn."

"You are cruel," Adela said, her voice breaking. "You make me feel abased—unwomanly."

Then Crane for a moment forgot his resolution. He took her fiercely in his arms and kissed her. "It's because I love you too much to risk your future," he said, "and because I value my faith with Penrhyn."

"Now, I'll never give you up," Adela whispered.

Strengthened by his acknowledgment of

love, she went to her father. For days she had seen almost nothing of him. He had been long and late at his office; at times he had spent hours at his private wire. If Adela had not been so preoccupied with her own problem, she would have noticed how careworn and pallid his fine face was. When she went into his library he was sitting in his favorite chair, looking at some photographs of his boyhood home in Brussels. Adela began, with shining, confident eyes, to tell him of the great happiness that had come to her. Yet before she had finished her voice was faltering. Rolin's face was as she had never seen it—stern, implacable.

"This won't do, my girl!" he said in the voice of one who reproves unseemly conduct in a child. "The young man himself recognizes the impossibility of a marriage between you. You are pledged to Penrhyn Hale; his father and I have made all the necessary arrangements. It is a suitable marriage, and I can countenance no other. Simply you will put your unreasonable and passing fancy for Crane out of your mind. Do not offend me by speaking of it again."

Adela's cheeks grew pale, and then full of color. Her impulse was to speak fiercely, unreluctantly; for it seemed to her incredible that her father, who had always given her whatever she had asked for, could oppose her in the only matter in which her happiness was concerned. Her will was strong, and she had never been thwarted; but she knew that her father's will was more iron than her own. So she spoke calmly.

"It would not be fair to Penrhyn to marry him when I do not love him. I shall have to tell him the truth."

"I shall be displeased with you if you speak of your folly to him. Should you do so, look what there is upon the other side,—Crane, who will not marry you, because he has too much honor and good sense, and Hale and I, who uphold Penrhyn and will do our best to assure him that your madness is temporary, and that if he will do you the



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